

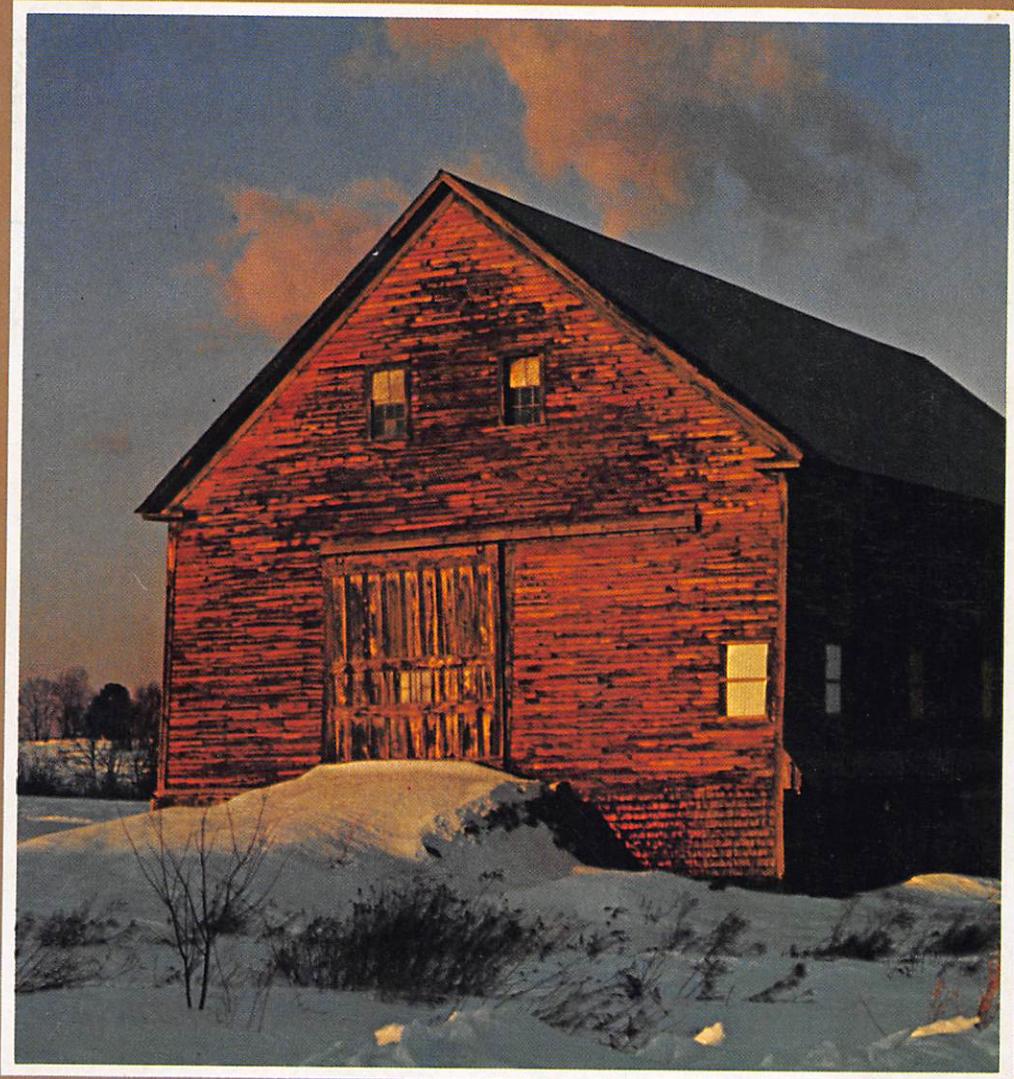
BitterSweet

75¢

March, 1979

The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region

Vol. 2, No. 5



March: Maine Is Forever
A Special Local Growers Guide
Maine's Ambassador of Music to Japan

Dear Peter

3-'79

Just a few weeks back I bought some starter plants off that little round face fella that works for you. I couldn't git his name. It was a little different. Anyways, I got them started darn good just like he said, an' I'll tell ya' they was a growin' pretty rapid. He's a smart fell'a when it comes to plantin'. Now I heard here abouts, if you sing to plants, they'll grow just a darn sight better. Well I got my gittar out an' started a pickin'. I swung from ole softies to rock-n-roll. Now I'll tell ya' things started a rockin' 'bout then. CRASH!! ole Fleabite came right through that porch window, landed right 'midst those plants. He tore into my leg, ripped my trousers, munched onto that gittar an' tore it to SMITHERINES. Ayah. He sat my plantin' back 'bout three weeks. Guess he'd heard 'nough that rock'n roll.

~ Bert.

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Dear Bert -

3-'79

Those early starters can be replaced later in the spring from our large selection of hothouse plants which we sell.

We also stock a large selection of BURPEE, NORTH RUP KING, J.B. RICE, HARTS, and FERRY MORSE package seeds. Don't forget our well-known economical bulk seed. We have an excellent book "CROCKETT'S VICTORY GARDEN" - for beginners as well as the old pro. Now is the time to plan for your 1979 garden.

-Peter.

P.S. There is plenty of time to start more seeds.

MAKING A POINT!

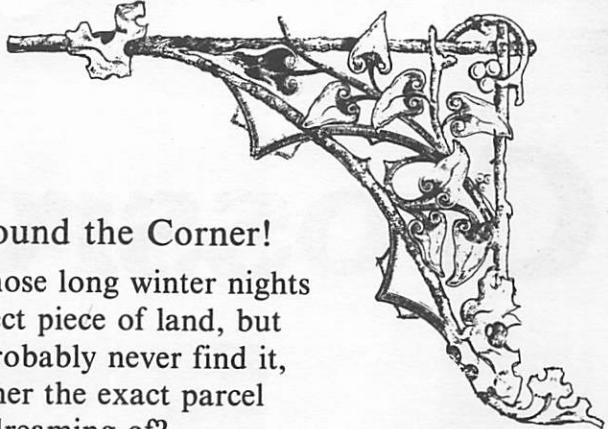


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Spring is just around the Corner!

If you were spending those long winter nights
dreaming of the perfect piece of land, but
thinking that you'd probably never find it,
why not piece together the exact parcel
you've been dreaming of?

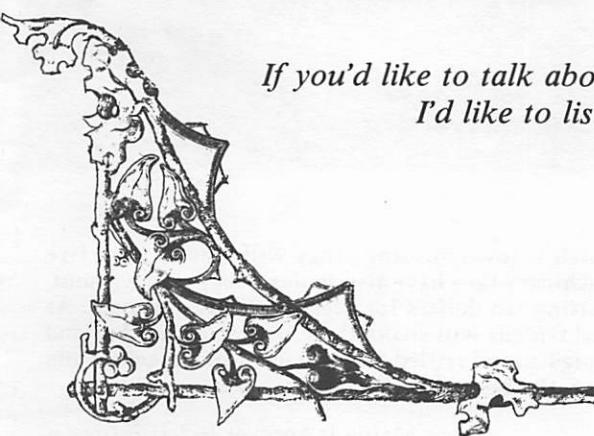
Here are some points to think about.

Check the boxes that are most important to you and your family.

- A. Land with a breathtaking view, overlooking villages, lakes,
and miles and miles of countryside
- B. Rustic, handcrafted stone walls and deserted country roads
- C. Bubbling brooks and fish-filled streams
- D. Rolling fields and rich, green pastures
- E. Forestlands for cutting your own firewood
- F. A wildlife sanctuary, located on a resource protection zoned pond
- G. Land surrounded by tree farms for peace and security
- H. A healthful mineral spring that never runs dry
- I. Privacy—a choice of land that is as far from your neighbor as you like.
You can buy from 5 acres to a hundred or more.
- J. Land bordering a flowing river—great for canoeing
- K. Sweet-smelling apple orchards which attract deer and other wildlife
- L. The ability to pick and choose any of the above features
to create your own ideal environment

*If you'd like to talk about your perfect piece of land,
I'd like to listen. Contact me—*

EDDIE ROLFE, Jr.
Harrison, Maine 04040
Tel. 207/683-2345



Crossroads



"The most important event in March is town meeting...they will vote to raise five thousand dollars...for a piece of machinery they have always done very well without, and then argue two hours over raising ten dollars for Memorial Day expenses. As the moderator raps for order, good friends will shake their fists at each other and shout. Then after the question is voted on and settled, they leave the hall together and go down to the store to talk it over, the best of friends again.

from Maine Is Forever by Inez Farrington



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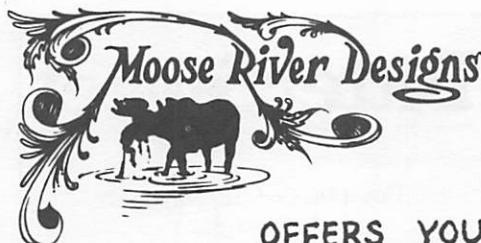
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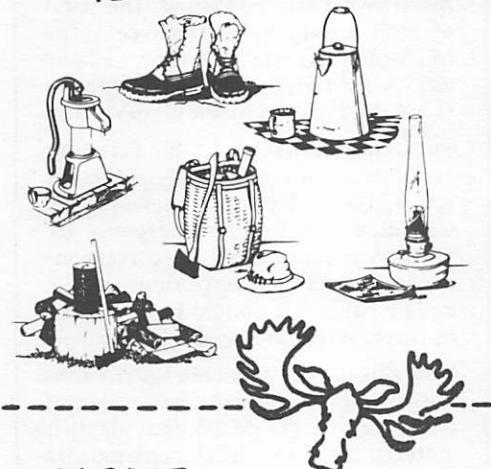
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BitterSweet Views

This March issue sets out several "firsts." To begin with, we're offering the first of a two-part garden supplement, written by Buckfield farmer John Meader, which we're hoping will not only prove useful but will also generate a little discussion on gardening locally. After the supplement, John will be writing a regular column called *Thinking About Country Things* each month.

The introduction of *Jay's Journal* (page 36) culminates a lengthy attempt to include a weather column as a regular part of the magazine. We think the journal is worth waiting for.

Tom Stockwell's sign art photo essay (page 42) detailing the elaborate array of oldtime sign reproductions in the area, is a step toward expanding BitterSweet's photographic coverage.

We'd like to hear how you like our new starts. Those of you who have not yet filled out last month's Reader Survey may want to include your reactions there before mailing the form or leaving it at Books-n-Things in the Oxford Plaza prior to March 31. Response to the poll thus far has been good but we're hoping to top 500 replies, which means we have a way to go. Results will be published in the May issue.

So far, we've learned that people find fault most frequently with the magazine's poetry ("I don't understand it, but somebody must like it"); that they're avid fans of Dr. Lacombe's *Medicine For The Hills* ("He must have earned good grades in creative writing"); that almost everyone is adamant about the magazine retaining its local character ("There's enough to interest people in the region. Keep BitterSweet close to its roots—it will remain unique and special").

Won't you please send your comments on a completed reader survey form today?

Sandy Wilhelms



LUTHER WHITING MASON Maine's Ambassador of Music to Japan

by Edith Labbie

Cloth of gold from an Emperor, a television crew from Japan, a revolutionary way of teaching music, Turner and Buckfield, Maine. Who was the common denominator for these apparently unrelated things?

His name was Luther Whiting Mason and he was born in Turner in 1818 during the Presidency of James Monroe. He was a relative of William Mason, the famous English poet; of Charles Mason, who helped map the Mason-Dixon Line, and of Daniel Webster.

To help his widowed mother, he went to live with his half brother in Gardiner when he was sixteen years old. There he worked as a shoe-last maker and obtained his education on the side. His love for music, fostered by his very musical family, influenced his choice of a career in that line.

The Board of Education of the Gardiner Lyceum offered him a position as a teacher. During long winter evenings the young teacher conducted a singing school and directed the choir in a Gardiner church.

As soon as he accumulated a small savings he went to Boston to begin his musical education. His mentors included a distant relative, Lowell Mason (who founded the Boston Academy of Music in 1832) as well as George F. Root, co-owner of a music publishing firm, and William Bradbury, a Maine composer who had studied abroad.

After graduation, Mason returned to Maine and tutored a wealthy Scotsman in Gorham, continuing his education in the academy there.

His first position in his chosen field was as assistant to the teacher of a large music class in Philadelphia. From there he went to a Delaware college where he taught English and Music, instructing 120 boys from ages seven to twenty-one. The concert they gave at Commencement was so impressive that he was invited to direct the choir of the richest church in Baltimore. Now he felt financially secure enough to marry his sweetheart, Hannah Allen. In due time, they had four children.

One of Luther's brothers, a physician in Louisville, noted with regret that the schools there provided no musical instruction. This situation was remedied when, after a few negotiations, Luther Mason arrived in Louisville to teach his favorite subject. Within a short time he moved along again when the citizens of Cincinnati asked him to fill a similar position in their schools at a substantial salary increase.

The position proved to be advantageous to him in an unexpected way. Many of the Cincinnati teachers were German and had studied a musical education in their homeland. Professor Mason examined their course handbooks and worked out a

simplified teaching system of his own.

Leading music educators from New York and Boston hailed Mason's system as a great advancement. The firm of Oliver Diston published it as "The National Music Course." It proved to be the most successful system yet devised.

Then the Civil War interrupted Mason's career. He did his part to keep up the morale of Company E of the 188th Ohio Regiment by serving as a Drum Major.

By that time, the name of Mason was an honored byword among music educators. After the war he was asked to Boston to supervise music classes in the primary schools. His results there were called amazing.

Mason's music course was among the featured exhibits at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. While attending the fair he became intrigued by the Japanese exhibit. A short time later he chanced to meet a Japanese student on a Boston street. His naturally friendly manner led him to invited the young man to visit him in his home.

After Mason posed many questions about music in Japan, his guest suggested that he contact two countrymen who were also studying in America. One of them was the Vice Minister of Education in Japan.

The other young man enrolled in Mason's music course and made such rapid progress that he mailed his book home. Representatives returning home from the Exposition, who had already inspected the music course, invited Luther Whiting Mason to come to Japan to teach western music based upon our eight-note scale.

Cloisonne vases which were among the many gifts presented to Luther Mason by the Japanese Emperor

This was a high honor indeed. Before sailing, Mason was the guest of honor at a farewell reception given by Boston dignitaries.

Later, his gift of 600 rock maple trees that once grew on his daughter's farm in Hartford, Maine were planted in Tokyo along an avenue renamed Mason Street.

Mason found it easy to teach our style of music to the Japanese people, whose inherent speech inflection made them naturally musical. They eagerly learned new harmonies not possible with their own five-note scale.

The man from Maine not only taught vocalists, but gave piano, organ, and violin lessons. This was quite an accomplishment because Mason spoke not a word of Japanese and his students knew no English. Personal translators taught the words after he had given them the musical instruction.

Within a short time, the "Mason Song," as the Japanese fondly called it, was sung throughout the Empire. Within a two year period, Luther Mason made Japan a nation proficient in western harmonies. Indirectly, the "Mason Song" influenced Japanese history. During the Russo-Japanese War, the Japanese troops sang *Hail Columbia* and *Marching Through Georgia* when they went to battle!

"I have more than 100 nice pupils," Mason wrote home, "including some of the Court Musicians. Four apprentices pass along their new knowledge. These men perform Japanese music in the palace of the Emperor and conduct services in the Shinto temples. Their performance is a kind of dancing and pantomime."



When the American educator left for home, he was overwhelmed with gifts. Kindergarten children wrote their feelings on slips of paper and shyly handed them to him. One, freely translated, read, "Why are my eyes so wet before the autumn dew has come? It is the tears of my sorrow to part with you."

Besides receiving an honorary degree from the University of Tokyo, Mason was given a bolt of cloth made with thread of real gold from the Emperor. There were many other gifts, some of which are now in the Boston Art Museum. Others are treasured by members of his family.

The Empress of Japan gave Mason the most impressive honor. That she might openly express her appreciation for his work, she granted him an audience. He was the first foreigner so honored.



Mrs. Elizabeth Perry, retired Buckfield librarian, with some of the papers that belonged to her great-great-grandfather, Luther Whiting Mason.

After being warmly welcomed back in Boston, Mason plunged again into his favorite occupation—teaching rural school children how to read music and harmonize. He travelled throughout the United States establishing music courses in nearly every large city where it had been neglected.

Later, he travelled to England, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, and Germany where he observed their formal programs of music education. In Leipzig he helped establish his system for the use of the famous Cathedral Choir. As a result of an

address he gave before German music critics, a German edition of his course was published.

By 1894 he was back in Maine, where he and a friend, Osborn McConathy, conducted a summer school in Turner Center for rural school teachers interested in improving their music instruction. A similar one was held the following year in Buckfield.

Two years later a revised Mason Music Course was published. Its distinctive feature was a manual for teachers with instruction directions and accompaniments for the children's songs.

In 1896 the death of his wife Hannah as the result of an accident brought on a heart condition to which Professor Mason succumbed a few weeks later. He was living with his daughter in Buckfield at that time and is buried in a cemetery beside the North Buckfield road.

There is a 1968 postscript to this story. A television crew from Japan arrived in Buckfield to film Luther Mason's early surroundings in preparation of the observance of the westernization of their country 100 years before.

Memories of the great music educator were revived after Betty Libby of Turner wrote a fine biographical sketch about Mason that was published by the *Lewiston Daily Sun* and picked up by the Associated Press.

The technicians filmed elementary students at the Buckfield school singing *Lightly Row*, one of Mason's favorite songs for children. When the film was shown in Japan, the scene of the little Americans singing faded out in mid-song and the song was finished by Japanese children of the same age.

Before leaving Maine, the visitors from the Land of the Rising Sun were graciously entertained by Mrs. Elizabeth Perry of Buckfield, great-great granddaughter of Luther Whiting Mason, who showed them the mementoes she had inherited.

Mason's epitaph reads: "He introduced vocal music to the public schools of America and Japan. Member of Co. E 188th Ohio Regiment. An upright man, honored by all who knew him. A lover of childhood and music. His songs are sung by children of three continents." ■

Labbie, a resident of Bethel, is a writer for the *Lewiston Journal*, among other publications.

Maine Is Forever

by Inez Farrington

A seasonal account of rural life during the first fifty years of this century (Part III)

MARCH Spring comes to Maine when we see the first crow, a miserable bird that later on in the year is a great pest in the gardens. But his harsh cry in early March is a delightful sound. Then each day grows a little warmer, the snow melts more, the children's feet grow more wet, country back roads break up, and spring is here again.

It does not burst on us in a blaze of heat overnight but comes slowly as all things do in Maine, as if it were "calculating" the idea of coming at all. We do not put away our woolens on the first warm day or pack away the overshoes. After the snow is gone and green grass is everywhere, a foot of snow often comes to do more damage than all the winter storms—for it will be a heavy, damp snow that bends the trees and snaps wires and even telephone and electric light poles. We regard these storms as part of spring and call them "sap" or "robin" snows. Robins should have been given some kind of instinct to keep them away from Maine until the last of May, for many die in these spring storms. They are Maine's best-loved birds so we do all we can to protect them. They come out of their hiding in the fir trees the minute the storm is over and urge the disgusted humans as they wearyly shovel out again to "Cheer up, cheer up, spring is coming!" Crows come by the first of March, but I can find few records in old diaries of robins coming much before the middle of the month.

The most important event in March is town meeting day, held in most Maine towns on the first Monday. Weeks before the big day, candidates announce their office intentions; but when the day arrives, they usually have changed their minds and the list of first selectmen has shrunk down to one or possibly two. Road commissioner seems to be the most popular office in small towns. I never have found out the reason unless they think it gives authority and good pay. The old-time long drawn-out arguments are now settled quickly by calling a lawyer on the phone and finding out just who is right and who is wrong, but arguments are what gives spice to town meetings and make them interesting. They will raise five thousand dollars in a small town for a piece of machinery they have always done very well without, and then argue two hours over raising ten dollars for Memorial Day expenses. As the moderator raps for order, good friends will shake their fists at each other and shout. Then after the question is voted on and settled, they leave the hall together and go down to the store to talk it

over, the best of friends again.

In our impatience to rush spring along, we slyly remove from each bed a blanket that has to be put on again the next night when the temperature takes a sudden drop. We clean a closet or two that has to be cleaned again later on, and start buying paint and wallpaper and renewing our resolutions that this year when the house is clean we are going to keep it clean, so we will not have to go through this upheaval again next year. We decide to clean the oil burner thoroughly, and we think now that it is safe to burn the pile of dry wood we had been saving. Spring will not be hurried, so we console ourselves with the thought that this storm will surely be our last one. We can open the last of the maple syrup because we know it will soon be time to make it again. We discard the Sears Roebuck winter catalog now that we have a spring and summer one. As spring creeps around one corner, winter lies at the other one. All we can do is enjoy what we can—the longer days and a friendly sun that has lost its look of indifference.

Our summer guests would give much to see one of our jeweled mornings that come in March, usually after an ice storm. You have to get up early to see them for the sun soon melts the beauty away. Every tree and bush will be sparkling with heavenly diamonds

my diary notes which read "made four quarts of syrup," or "three pints of syrup today" could be counted as records. If records like these were kept in every family and the total added up, it would give Maine second place to Vermont in the syrup industry. The amount is so large it is needless to say maple syrup does not sell well in Maine. Each family in rural districts has a few maple trees and by the middle of March a sap bucket, pail, or even a glass jar is hanging on every maple. Small boys and girls gather the sap after school and it is usually boiled down on an outdoor fireplace in the evening, the children making a party of the job and inviting the neighbor boys and girls to their "sugaring off." It is a pretty sight at evening to see the flames shooting high while the sap foams in a thick boil to the top of the pan and the children stand nearby, warmly dressed in snow suits, jackets, and high boots.

I prefer to boil mine in the house, the slow way, by adding the sap each day until I decide it is time to bring it to syrup. Many people object to the steam and stickiness, but our family enjoys watching it and wondering just how much syrup we will get. The sticky steam clouds the windows, and books and magazines are coated with it. Even "Forever Amber" takes on a sweetness never intended. The syrup has to be watched

In our impatience to rush spring along, we slyly remove from each bed a blanket that has to be put on again the next night when the temperature takes a sudden drop...

look as if they were dropped from the angels' crowns, just to give us a glimpse of their glory. We like to select a gem for an imaginary ring and finally decide on one, only to see another more beautiful, and then still another. It may be on the limb of a dead tree or even on the roof of the chicken house, but this does not detract from its luster. It seems as though the storm has determined to atone in some way for its disagreeable effect on traveling and to teach us that there is often beauty underneath a rough surface. A jealous sun picks the jewels from the trees and they drop to the ground with a faint snap like tiny balloons—and the tree that was a queen with a tiara of diamonds is now only a lonely dying oak.

Maine claims no record as a maple syrup producing state, but each year thousands of gallons are made with no record kept. Unless

carefully when it is nearly ready to sugar off, and I well remember being in this process when an early March thunderstorm came up. I was watching the sap when a sudden flash of lightning came in on the phone with a crack like a rifle. Thinking the house was gone, I raced to the neighbors for help, leaving the door open in my haste. Returning with a rescue squad, I was met at the door by dense clouds of smoke and the neighbors agreed with me there was nothing we could do. One brave soul, however, ventured into the kitchen. He found the house intact, but my treasured maple syrup had boiled over the stove onto the floor and was now blazing on the side of the stove. I lost the work of two weeks in that little dish of syrup, and our feet stuck to the kitchen floor for three days whenever we walked across it!

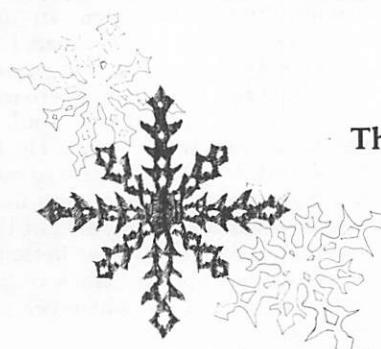
I believe that the town of Newry is the only place now where one can attend an old-fashioned sugar eat. This is still an annual affair at the Grange Hall and is a gala event. The ladies shop for a new dress and visit a beauty parlor while the Grangers shop around for a really good dance orchestra. It is just an ordinary dance until intermission. Then tickets are sold for the only refreshments served, the maple syrup which has been boiled down to where it stops just short of being sugar. Large pans of snow are put in front of each person and the syrup poured over it. It is eaten by the simple process of winding it around wooden sticks, and the customer is entitled to more than one helping for the price of his ticket. Very few people, however, can stand the second plate, since a little of this very sweet syrup goes a long way. There have been years when snow for the sugar eat has had to be hauled in from Dixville Notch, but usually Maine can be depended on to supply plenty during the month of March.

One of my happiest memories of March when I was young is of the "crusts," and I definitely do not mean bread crusts. We were made to eat those and that is a different story. These crusts of snow occur after a warm day followed by a cold night, which freezes the snow hard enough to hold a heavy man. I suppose we still have them, but I do not get up early and go out to find out as I did sixty years ago. I would dislike now to drop through a six-foot drift, well knowing how closely I would resemble a bull-dozer as I plowed my way out! At ten and twelve my sister and I had no fear, and the first question we shouted when we awoke every March morning was, "Is there a crust?" If Mother said she believed there was, we did not stop for breakfast because the warm sun soon spoiled the fun. At that time we were closely confined all winter to one road, and what joy

it seemed to take our sleds and go where we wished through the woods, coasting down a hill and climbing another that we had not visited since the October before. It was not uncommon to meet a grown-up neighbor a mile from home in a lonesome field, for the adults were only too glad for an excuse to get away from familiar shoveled paths. My children, who can now travel plowed roads and have skis and snowshoes, never seem to know when there is a crust. If they do, they are not interested. Why walk up the hill where yesterday the school held its winter carnival and there was competition and plenty of excitement? I look out at the hard frozen surface and wonder if modern advancement has not taken away as much as it has given us.

Another memory of spring and my young days is the underwear that was required. It seems, as I look back, that taking those horrid things off for the summer was all that spring meant to us then. They were a cause for both mental and physical suffering to proud young ladies. Mother insisted we put on the all-wool, long-sleeved shirts and long-legged drawers in late October and wear them until the last of March. Nowadays, if you are lucky enough to find a shirt it is called a vest, and the bulky ladies' apparel of by-gone days are now brief panties.

Sometimes when we were dressed up for a party or school entertainment, we would secretly roll up the sleeves and legs, but this only caused an unsightly bulge. We never got brave enough to risk taking them off entirely. We were allowed to change them behind the kitchen stove, and I can still remember my secret shame when wash day came and my shirt was missing. The house was turned upside down and the search went on for a week, when it was time to change everything again. When I removed my clothes, there was the missing shirt safely



The first question shouted when we awoke every March morning was
"Is there a crust?"

rolled up around my middle where I had not noticed it in all the heavy clothes I wore! Today, my daughter's shirt is a wool plaid worn on the outside, and I am happy to say that so is mine.

March also brings back recollections of having measles. I can recommend the month as being disagreeable enough in itself without adding measles. I was too old to have this childish disease so it gave me a bad time, and to make things worse I came down with it at the time when Maine has its annual floods. Floods are seldom serious in the state except on the large rivers, and they never compare to floods on the Mississippi, but this year the brooks and rivers were unusually high and I knew the town had fears for the safety of the dam just above us. It had rained steadily the days I was confined to the bed in a darkened room. The high temperature I was running had me a little off-key mentally. Each morning I asked my husband and the girl who was working for me if the water had come any nearer the house. They assured me that it had not, but I had my doubts. Even in my unsettled state of mind, I knew it certainly was not going any farther away while it rained as it did. I had dropped off in an uneasy sleep late one night with my eyes smarting, head throbbing, and both ears so plugged I was nearly deaf. I was wakened suddenly by a roaring and rumbling that sounded terrible to me. Giving one leap, I landed on the floor yelling, "The dam has gone!"

"Huh?" said my better half sleepily. Forgetting it was I who could not hear, I screamed louder, "Dam, the dam!" Doc finally roused.

"Stop swearing," he admonished me, mildly, "you had a nightmare." By that time I had the whole household up and they explained loudly that the dam was still there and the noise was only unexpected March thunder. Today we have a fine new dam, the old one having held safely for twelve more years after that experience, but every spring when the snow melts and the brook rises, I still have my fears.

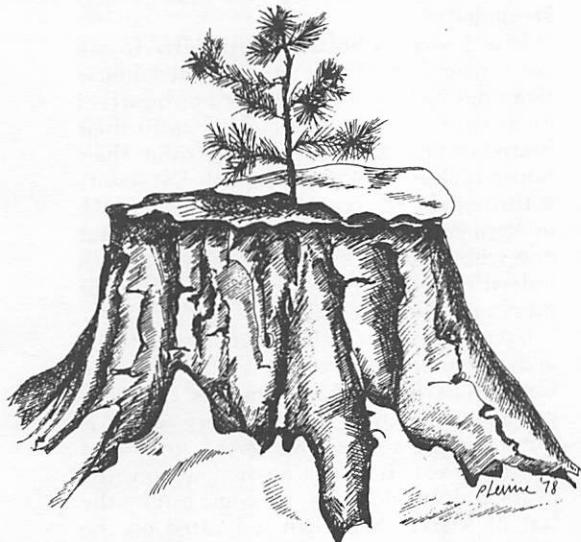
We can really get down to housecleaning now and start getting ready for the busy season ahead of us. It is the custom to wash or dry clean the window curtains the first thing, even though it leaves the house with a broadminded appearance for several weeks. Of course, once the curtains are clean they must not go up again until the house is

spotless. It is even suspected that housewives who never get through house cleaning before June take their window curtains down in March just to make their neighbors think they are deep in the yearly struggle!

It is a serious breach of etiquette to ask your neighbor, "Have you finished house cleaning?" when you meet her on the street or at church. Ladies are judged as to their housekeeping abilities by the time their house is cleaned. A really capable housewife is through by the last of March. If you finish in April you can still be on the honor roll, but one who drags it on through May is a sloth indeed and receives only contempt from her more ambitious neighbors!

Contrary to the belief of many, our wild animals do not come out of winter hiding on Candlemas Day. Maine animals have the good sense to know that February second is not the time to look for green grass and plenty to eat. If it is a normal season, the bears and woodchucks will come out by the last of March. My town is located on the main road from Portland to the New Hampshire line and, while traffic does not compare to that on Route 1, you will find very few minutes when a car is not passing. You might not expect to see a bear, bobcat, or moose on the road, but you have a very good chance of doing so. Nearly all of us have been lucky enough to meet a wild creature at times, even in the bright daylight. I find a brief recording in the old diary, "went to Norway, saw a bear." Future generations reading this may think I saw it in Norway or that it was one in a circus, but that short sentence does not reveal the thrill of seeing a live bear come out of the woods and walk across the road directly in front of the car. It can never reveal to my grandchildren the feeling when we saw the animal, not believing our own eyes as Vesta said, "Look at the dog," and my aunt cried, "That's no dog, that's a bear!"

Bears do a great deal of harm in this state and this town has a bounty on them. In fact, the town is well known throughout the state among sportsmen as one of the finest bear hunting places in Maine. It is a common sight during hunting season to see a huge mother bear and maybe a cub or two strung up in someone's barn. A tiny cub is one of the cutest babies in the world, but he grows up to be a big, destructive bear, so the bounty is the same as on a full-grown one.



Once in our town we had the experience of seeing a bear go to church. It was Easter morning. The church was lovely with spring flowers and the sermon had been an inspiring one. We were in the midst of the last prayer when a noise caused heads to be lifted. The minister, sensing something strange, paused. A man stood in the doorway while a tiny bear cub waddled down the aisle. He had been caught by some boys, and the man brought him into church to show him. The congregation was silent as the baby snuffled and puffed up and down the aisles

until the man quietly removed him, and the minister took up his prayer. Heads were bowed and no trace of a smile showed on any face. Maine folks saw nothing funny or queer about it—one of God's creatures at church.

Bobcats and Canadian lynx are not as plentiful as they were at one time in this vicinity, but they are still seen occasionally and their screams can be heard at night in any camp back in the woods. They also have a bounty on them and each year this town yields a good sized harvest of bobcats. They strike terror to the hearts of the bravest, even though the lonely traveler may carry a gun. Maine has no history of anyone's being killed by a bobcat but it also has no history of the many who have been nearly frightened to death by these animals. I know of no one who has ever been attacked, but the older generation has many tales of being stalked for miles in the dark.

In those days my uncle was courting the girl who is now my aunt and walked each night to see her, carrying a lantern through deep woods across the northern end of town. There was no road, only a path for two miles. One night, hearing a noise in the bushes beside him, he turned his lantern in the face of a huge bobcat. Being brought up in Maine ways, he knew better than to obey his impulse and run. He walked the two miles, quickly I imagine, with the cat snarling and growling beside him. Someday I plan to ask him how he found the courage to return home. Anyway, he and Aunt Ethel were married soon after, thus putting an end to such nerve-wracking trips. There's nothing like a bobcat to speed a courtship!

Today, young men do not go courting by lantern-light, but often as they are taking the girl friend home from the movies, the lights of the car will pick up, for an instant, the shine of a bobcat's eyes.

The thirty-one long days of March are nearly over, and each day more signs of spring appear. Pussy willows are out and eagerly gathered by small children who put them under mother cats, looking every morning in vain for the new kittens they are hoping to find. A constant drip, drip is heard from the eaves; snow slides from the roof, burying the front step; trees are tapped; the snow now has a dirty look; occasionally a snow flea finds his way into the house.

Another winter is gone and again I am glad I could spend it in Maine. I am glad I did not



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month or more—and
is picked up and read
over and over again!

go to Florida, for I would have missed too many things that only Maine can give. Each day as it was being lived seemed hard but, like having a baby, when it is over the hard part is forgotten and only the happiness remains. There could be no joy for me in a state where there is no spring to look forward to. I suppose they have a season they call spring, but it cannot bring the anticipation, freedom, and sense of everything being well with the world that a Maine spring does.

The winter has brought sorrow and joy just as all seasons do—sorrow for the old people who have been lifelong friends and who have passed on, for very old and feeble people often do not stand the hard Maine winters. Joy and happiness have come to neighbors and their joy is ours. Babies are born safely in the middle of Maine winters, and family weddings are as joyful as those in June. Life goes on very much the same in winter as in summer and Maine winters teach us to be humble, grateful for small blessings and the contentment that a family around the open fire can bring.

My children still keep a record as their mother once did, by striking a long pole

down into the snow and each day marking with a pencil the amount the snow has melted. There is no stated date to start this game, for it all depends on the season. We usually try to rush things along and start it by the first week of March. I like to watch the stick, and the day it falls over is a happy one since it means there is only a thin coat of snow left. We also have another March game in which each one selects a rock or stump that only shows its top, and then we wait to see which one is entirely bare first. The winner is the one who picks out a landmark in the most sunny place and it isn't considered cheating to do so.

The page is torn from the calendar. March is gone until another year. April is ahead, and as we look at the clean new page we wonder what it will bring us.

(continued next month)

Inez Farrington, a native of East Stoneham, now resides at the Ledgeview Nursing Home in West Paris. In addition to her book, *Maine Is Forever* from which the article above is reprinted, Mrs. Farrington has written material for *Redbook* and *The Ford Times* as well as several books of poetry.



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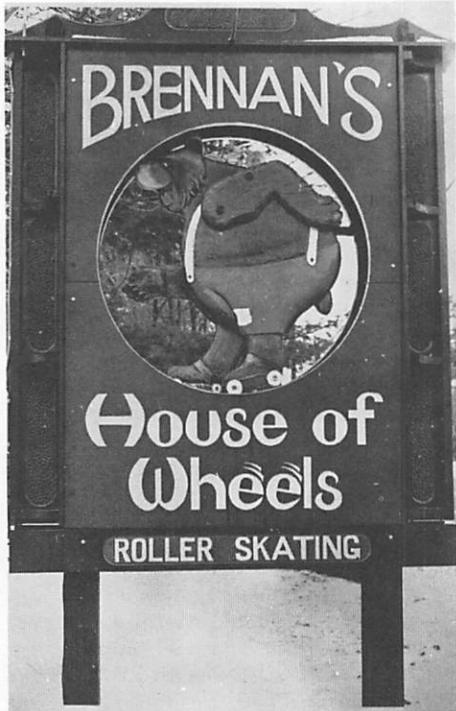
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YOU DON'T SAY

MY DAD WAS WEATHERWISE

My dad always had a quote for every kind of weather. I think these old sayings can be counted on to turn out to be about 95% true. I have watched them to test their veracity several times and would say that is a conservative estimate. Here are some Dad used the most:

When the moon rides high it's a sign of cold weather.

When there is a ring around the moon, count the stars in the ring and it will give you the number of days before the storm.

*Red in the morning, sailors take warning.
Red sky at night, sailors' delight.*

If it clears off in the night, there will be another storm right away.

If the snow melts off the trees, it is a sign that the next storm will be rain. If the wind blows the snow off the trees, the next storm will be snow.

If snow fleas appear, you're likely to lose the snow.

My husband also has some observations:

In the spring or fall you are more apt to get your first hard frost on the full of the moon unless it storms.

The weather for the next forty days after Good Friday will be very similar to Good Friday. A north wind on that day means a cold, late spring, but a south wind means an early spring.

Three white frosts in a row in the morning in winter foretell rain. Wind from east or northeast usually means a storm.

Why not check these out this year for yourself—remembering that all signs fail in a drought.

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West Baldwin



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Items for the Peddler Page will be listed free of charge for anyone who has something to sell, buy, or trade. Just mail the information to BitterSweet, P. O. Box 178, Oxford, ME 04270.

ANSWER TO BRAINTEASER XI

Ann Alexander of Paris was the first person to notify us of the correct answer: *tea or coffee?* There will be the same amount of coffee in the teacup as tea in the coffee cup. To see this, label the coffee cup "C" and the teacup "T." Then suppose that each contains nine teaspoons of liquid. Take a spoonful from C, leaving eight, and add it to T. We now have ten spoonfuls of liquid in T and 1/10 of T is coffee; 9/10 of T is tea.

We do not change the proportion by stirring T or by removing a spoonful of liquid from T. When we add a spoonful from T to C, we are adding one spoonful of liquid which is 9/10 tea. There are again nine spoonfuls of liquid in C and 9/10 of one of these is tea. Therefore, 9/10 divided by nine of C

will be tea. In other words, 1/10 of C will be tea. But 1/10 of T was coffee, so there you are.

Others who sent along the correct answer by press time were Vernon McFarlin of South Paris; Dr. Robert B. Furch, Daniel Grover; Thomas Hammond, East Hiram; Shirley Hodson, Rupert Grover, Fryeburg; Cyndi & Dana Hall, Lewiston.

BRAINTEASER XII

A traveler in the Soviet Union did not possess a map of the country. But he could speak a little of the language. He asked a Russian about the exact distance from Omsk to Minsk and the exact distance from Umsk to Munsk. Despite language difficulties, the traveler obtained the following information from the Russian:

It's as far from Omsk to Umsk as from Amsk to Monsk.

It's as far from Minsk to Munsk as from Mansk to Monsk.

Monsk is on a straight road north from Minsk to Umsk.

Monsk is also on a straight road east from Omsk to Munsk.

Amsk is 8 kilometers north of Omsk and 8 kilometers west of Umsk.

Mansk is 6 kilometers south of Munsk and 6 kilometers east of Minsk.

These directions were of great help to the traveler and he continued on his way. How did he figure out the distances he wanted to know?

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Not smoothly, but with sudden "thank-you-marms"
That left our stomachs high as we dipped low,
Affording us a roller-coaster thrill...
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We might surprise a fox or scare a crow
or watch a deer drink where clear waters flow
Beneath the bridge between good neighbors' farms.
That rustic scene passed with the one-horse shay:
More modern time brings drastic change. The arms
of overhanging trees are slashed by shrill
Chain saws, and road equipment hacks away
Old ledges and the heart of yesterday:
Interred in asphalt, it lies cold and still.

Otta Louise Chase
Sweden



Photo by Bill Haynes

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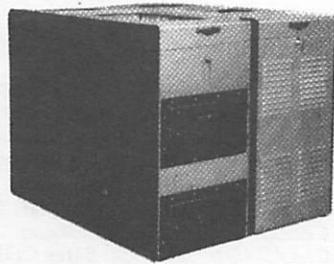
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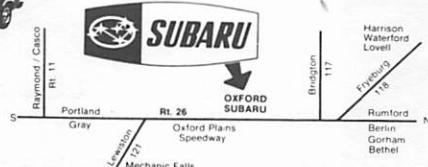
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Goings On

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WATERFORD: At the Town Hall, Mar. 3, 1:30 p.m.

OTISFIELD: At the East Otisfield Community Hall, Mar. 3, 10 a.m.

NORWAY: Voting at the Norway Fire Station, Mar. 5, 8:45 a.m. Meeting at OHHS Auditorium, 8 p.m.

WEST PARIS: At the West Paris Gymnasium, Mar. 6, 7 p.m.

HARRISON: Voting at the Town Office, Mar. 9, 1-8 p.m. Meeting at VFW Hall, Mar. 10, 10 a.m.

OXFORD: At Town Meeting House, Mar. 10, 10 a.m.

ART

SCULPTURE BY HARRIET MATTHEWS: Mar. 11-Apr. 22, Bates College Treat Gallery, Lewiston. Gallery hrs: Fri. 1-4:30, 7-8 p.m., Sun. 2-5. Free Admission.

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PORLAND STRING QUARTET: Mar. 7, 8 p.m., Bates College Chapel. Free admission.

ST. JOHN PASSION: Mar. 24, Bates College Choir with Portland Symphony Orchestra, Chapel, Lewiston. Admission t.b.a.

EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE CONCERT: Mar. 28, 4:30 p.m., Bates College. Free admission.

APPALACHIAN SPRING: Mar. 29-31, Bates College Community Orchestra & Modern Dance Company. Admission t.b.a.

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Page 41...



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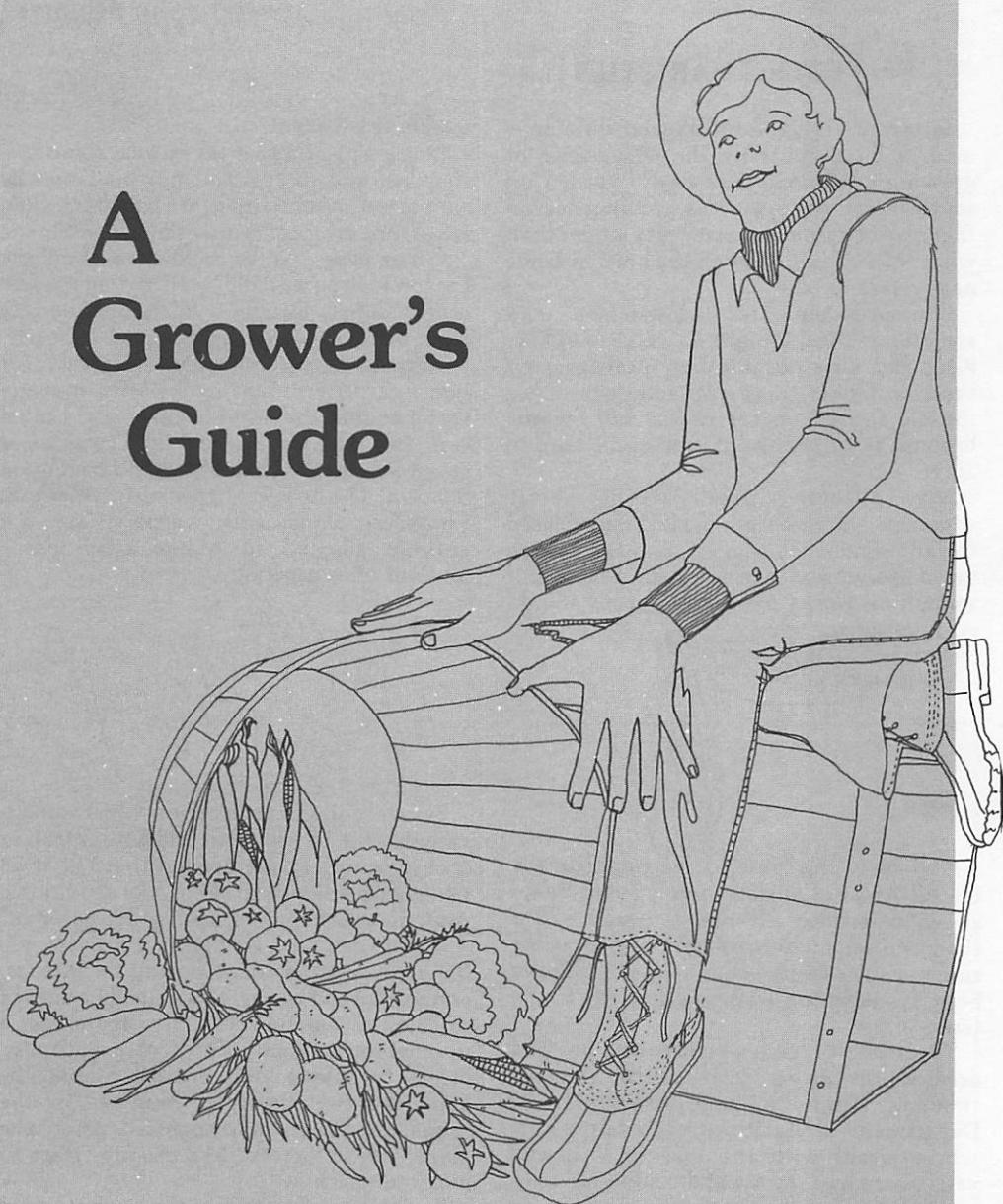
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A Grower's Guide



to Maine's Hills & Lakes Region

Thinking About Vegetables

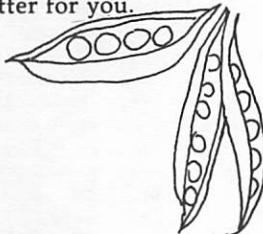
by John Meader

SELECTING VARIETIES

Growing vegetables in Western Maine is made a bit peculiar by the wide range of growing conditions. Folks who garden on south-facing ridges have a growing season that may be as much as six weeks longer than what folks see who live on the bottom-lands near rivers or lakes.

I'm one of the latter—a low-lander—and sometimes I feel I might as well live in Fort Kent and raise nothing but rutabagas and broccoli. This is a desperate admission, since the old farmer on top of the hill regards broccoli as fit for sheep only and I tend to agree.

My following observations about vegetable varieties are accordingly biased toward somewhat rugged conditions—two years ago we had a frost on June 13. But if something works for me, hopefully it'll do even better for you.



Peas—New this year to the catalogues is the All-America medal winner, Sugar Snap, an edible-podded (or Snow) pea. I had a chance to see it two years ago and grew it last summer since limited quantities of seed have been available "on trial," as they say in the trade.

"On trial..." I have a picture of a pea pod dressed up in its best clothes weekly standing before a judge (*Nature?* The Department of Agriculture?) while a cut-worm pleads with the case to a jury of carrots, melons, spuds and cukes.

But the case is a good one. Sugar Snap is a substantial improvement over all other snow-types that I know, for the plant is vigorous, bears well, and the pod's cooking

Meader was raised on a fruit and vegetable farm in New Hampshire. After graduating from Bowdoin, he became a writer. Now he and his wife Pat have a farm in Buckfield where they raise, among other things, fruits and vegetables.

quality is excellent.

One point must be taken into account—the vines run six feet and more and must be supported on something. We bought chicken wire—not an inconsequential expense.

Other peas—Green Arrow is a standard. Laxton's Progress did well for me when others didn't. Beagle, a fairly new variety from Britain, I think, seems good for early.

Tomatoes—America's favorite vegetable for home-gardeners. Catalogues offer so many varieties that the mind boggles, and I must confess I'm no less boggled than I was six or seven years ago when I started farming on my own. The problem, it seems to me, is that tomatoes, along with peppers, are not entirely adapted to Maine conditions—lowland ones especially.



Several things are involved. Most tomato varieties will blossom but will not set fruit in cool weather. To get around that I've tried varieties developed to set in cool conditions. Alas, most of them are susceptible to blight.

Blight—perhaps I'd better expand a bit. Blight as generally used around these parts, and as I intend to use it, is actually a sort of catch-all term, and it encompasses in fact a number of distinctly different pest and/or disease problems that properly should be kept separate. Blight on tomatoes, by the broad definition, is recognized when the plants, lower leaves first usually, start to look quite sick.

So, blight and setting in mind, what to do? For early, try Coldset or Springset for example, knowing they'll probably blight and then plant blight-resistant types for midseason and late. New Yorker does well for some farmers around here and I'm going to take a look at it this year. I'm also planting several "VF" hybrids. VF indicates that the variety is resistant to or tolerant of verticillium and fusarium diseases—part of

what is meant by blight.

For early, early tomatoes, there are the sub-arctics. These are early indeed, but blight-susceptible. The plants take up very little space, which may be important to some gardeners.

I could go on (you did ask?). There is a white variety, low-acid supposedly, and I'd just as soon feed it to sheep too, or pass it off as a thin-skinned melon. And then there's a pepper-shaped hollow kind that's ideal for stuffing... If you want a paste variety, Nova is very good.

Cucumbers—New varieties, mostly hybrids, are introduced every year, and I haven't managed to keep up with them. I did try the highly-touted Victory and it did poorly for me. I've always grown Marketmore to my satisfaction. New selections of Marketmore are Marketmore 70 and 76 which are resistant to many diseases.

Opinions about, ratings of, vegetable varieties differ markedly and a good part of the difference, of course, reflects the rater's list of desirable qualities. I suspect that Marketmore won't match for commercial growing some of the new hybrids, but the virtue of Marketmore is reliability. Being lazy, I'd rather have a plant that bears moderately well with little tending than some horticultural wonder that grinds out forty perfect fruit per hour but needs frequent feeding, watering, and spraying.

Peppers—No question about it, most pepper varieties are not adapted to Maine. Many people have had the experience of growing large, lush plants devoid of peppers. This can be caused by excess soil nitrogen or insect damage to the blossoms, but I think more often the culprit is cool summer nights. The blossoms fall off unfertilized.



Staddon's Select seems better adapted than most. Hybrid reputedly has some tolerance of coolness. From what I've seen, Sweet Chocolate does the best, fruiting when nothing else does, and it has the bonus of being very good for freezing.

Snap Beans—(green, yellow and otherwise). Here again there are many varieties of recent introduction and I've looked at several without finding satisfaction. Kentucky Wonder Pole is a good standard. For fine

CHOOSING SEED COMPANIES

The varieties I discuss are listed in the catalogues of one or another of the following companies: Farmers (Faribault, MI), Stokes (Buffalo, N.Y.), Burpee (Warminster, PA), and Johnny's (Albion, ME). There are several other fine companies that could be listed and local supply stores as well, if space allowed. As you will note, the companies I look to for seed are situated in the northern tier of states; presumably their environment is somewhat similar to ours. Some catalogues are long on color-work and adjectives, short of specific, useful information and those I avoid unless something interesting is offered that's not available elsewhere. After a while, one learns what the glowing adjectives really mean. "Heavy bearing," for example, translates to "the branches break easily."

The catalogues are a help, but you have to see the variety in your own garden to judge it. Common sense suggests a few basic rules—start all your tomatoes (for instance) at the same time, treat them the same throughout, transplant them next to each other, and watch closely. It helps to have some standard variety as a basis of comparison. Keep records if you can—I always forget things as I get busy. But at least label everything and use an indelible pencil.

You will see as the summer progresses that X variety blossoms earliest but sets few fruit. Y sets many fruit but the eating quality is indifferent. As for Z, after a spell of moist weather, the lower leaves start to yellow and blotch. Yup, blight.

There are many factors one may observe. Earliness, disease resistance, tolerance to varying weather conditions, number and size of fruit, and eating quality count for quite a lot. Storing quality matters with certain vegetables (onions, cabbages, squash, for instance). Canning and freezing quality may be considerations. There are other more technical questions which relate to specific crops: heat tolerance with peas, spinach and lettuce; resistance to cracking with tomatoes and cabbage; mosaic resistance in beans; and so on. It could be frightening if it wasn't so much fun.

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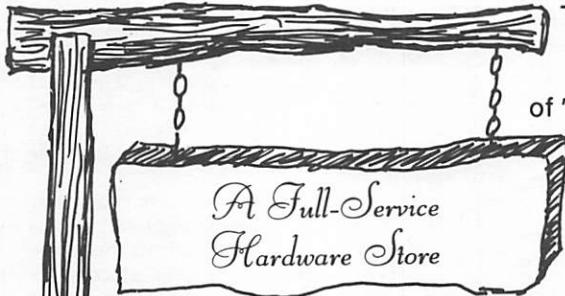
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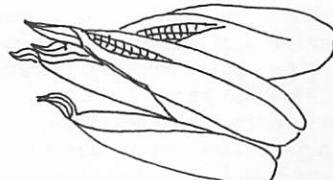
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flavor, vigor and heavy bearing combined, nothing tops Royalty, which falls under "otherwise" for color. It's purple before cooking. The purple cooks out to leave a regular green. One has purple water. Curious. If you like raw beans in salads, Royalty obviously will add a little pizzazz.

Corn—The genetic introduction of new sweetness factors has changed things greatly when it comes to corn varieties. One used to talk about Sugar and Gold, and Golden Cross Bantam, and so on. Now? We like Extra Early Extra (or Super) Sweet. Kandy is another good new variety. Silver Queen is one of the best flavored, but fairly long-seasoned. For early I've raised Polar Vee and Northern Vee (these are not as sweet), but if you're plagued by coons you may not get much to eat—these are short-stalked types which make them particularly susceptible to coon-raids.

As for coons (maybe the editor will yet again let me digress a moment?)... Every year brings a new cure for coons. Electric fences, portable radios, and winking lights get frequent mention. All, of course, are not perfect, and the larger your corn patch, the more vulnerable. If only someone would



invent a battery-powered robot that would prowl the corn rows, without of course blundering off into the cukes to cause unspeakable damage. This robot-of-dreams would flash lights, shock the heck out of anything it came near, and occasionally shout, "Beat it coons." But all such things have their drawbacks. Probably the robot would develop a taste for corn, or worse yet, start sneaking into the neighbor's cellar to tap the hard-cider barrel.

Potatoes—Humankind falls into two distinct classes when it comes to potatoes: those who insist on dry, mealy bakers, and those who demand moist. For the former, Green Mountain is the traditional answer. Superior on the other hand stays quite moist and seems to produce quite heavily. For early, Irish Cobbler is the old favorite, but I prefer the newer, redskinned Northland. Kennebec is good for main season.

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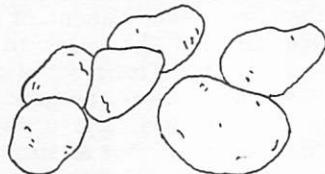


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AGRICULTURAL EQUIPMENT



Last summer I also planted the old black-cowhorn and a blue potato (variety name forgotten by me. Blue Crystal?). I had this idea, see (here I go again) of having new potatoes on July 4th, which is a ritual among some, but new potatoes with a difference—red, white and blue. For the day after, having spent the Fourth chasing a softball or a



frisbee and doubtless crashing into the barn and catapulting over the cow's watering tub...for the day after, one would have black and blue.

One serious comment, before I forget or further digress myself out of favor: buy certified seed to reduce blight problems.

Cabbage and other cole crops—Golden Acre cabbage is reliable and has good disease resistance. If you're planting cabbage for kraut, Canada Kraut is worth a look, because of its compact, small-cored, small-ribbed head. Early Jersey Wakefield used to be

planted for early, but I think others must be better—Wakefield is rather coarse to my mind. I've liked all savoy types I've tried—Chieftan, Ace and King. About broccoli, you already know. Cauliflower? I have no advice. As for brussel sprouts, the newer hybrids I've grown do fine but the eating quality is poor. I'd as lief chew newspaper. Long Island (or Catskill) is the standard here, and very nice on the table.

Others—For carrots, the nantes-types, of which there are quite a few varieties, seem best. Parsnips: Hollow Crown, but buy new every year since it doesn't keep. Lettuce: for looseleafs, Buttercrunch and Butterking are delicious; for summer heat, try a romaine type; for head, Ithaca and Minilake looked very good last year. Melons: New Hampshire Midget and New Hampshire Golden Midget are quite well-adapted to local conditions. Onions: I'm a fan of onions and grew fifteen or so different onion-types last year (leeks, shallots, garlic, perennials, ornamentals, and so on), but if I had to choose but one it would be the Stuttgarter onion, for its reliability, ease of culture, and keeping quality. Stuttgarter sets (small bulbs) which will grow into full size onions) can be

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purchased at your local garden supply store. Stuttgarter supplants Yellow Ebeneezer which until recently was the standard for set-types.

Winter squash? Well, one starts out looking for several things—eating and storing quality foremost, and then size. Bush Table Queen Acorn and Delicata both produce nice-tasting, good-storing, small squash. Flavor runs downhill during storage, as with most (probably all) squash. For a larger, nice-tasting, good-storing squash, Buttercup is popular. There are, of course, much-larger storing squash—the Hubbard types are Yankee stand-bys; but the eating quality of most is only average and can be downright poor. (For downright poor, there's the Spaghetti Squash.)



But Hubbards are a part of Maine lore. It's the day before Christmas and you and Uncle Willy muckle onto a Blue Hubbard and truck it out to the woodshed, put it on the chopping block, whet the double-bitted ax,



and Willy says, "Why don't you do the honors?" You give it a whack and the ax bounces back and lops off half of Uncle's moustache, and then Uncle Willy says, "Wheeyaw, hand me that ax, son," and he takes a whack and...

But whoa. The editor is giving me a stern look. We are blundering off like my coon-scaring machine. ■



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STARTING YOUR OWN VEGETABLES FOR TRANSPLANT

Many local gardeners, myself among them, start tomato and pepper plants from seed. I also raise my own seedlings for transplant of cukes, cabbage, lettuce, onions and melons; some of Pat's flowers, too.

The most obvious advantage is this: you can grow just those particular varieties that you favor or want to experiment with. A second advantage, no less important, is therapy. Green seedlings on a windowsill take the bite out of the wind.

Starting one's own plants is not entirely simple. Eggplant, for example, requires a high soil temperature to germinate seeds, and probably should be left to the professional greenhouse grower. But you should have good luck if a few basics are attended to involving soil quality, heat and moisture, availability of light, and so on.

But there's another question that needs asking, I think—a good Mainer sort of concern: when does it pay?

Obviously if you spend seventy-five cents for a packet of seeds in order to start eight plants that you could have bought from a

local greenhouse or supply store for a dollar twenty nine, the economics need review.

I have a hunch that cost is against you unless we're talking a fair-sized volume—fifty tomatoes, fifty peppers, and so on. Even then you may not save anything. But let's take a closer look at the ins and outs, paying special heed to pinching the pennies.

What's involved? Seed, soil mix, containers, fertilizers, possibly fungicides and pesticides, heat, light, and water. Plus the grower's time.

Seed cost is not as bad as it seems, because surplus seed of many plants can be saved and used next year. Germination of onions and lettuce may fall off some, but can be compensated by planting more.

Soil mix? Prepared mixes are widely available and have obvious selling points. But anything less than commercial-size bags can be rather expensive—60 or 70¢ a quart in small quantities.

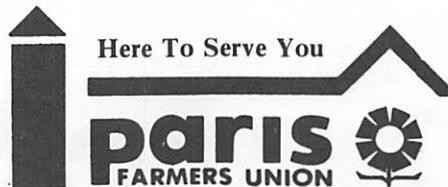
Here's what I use: compost, or baled peat, sifted coarse sand and vermiculite. The compost, however, should be light and



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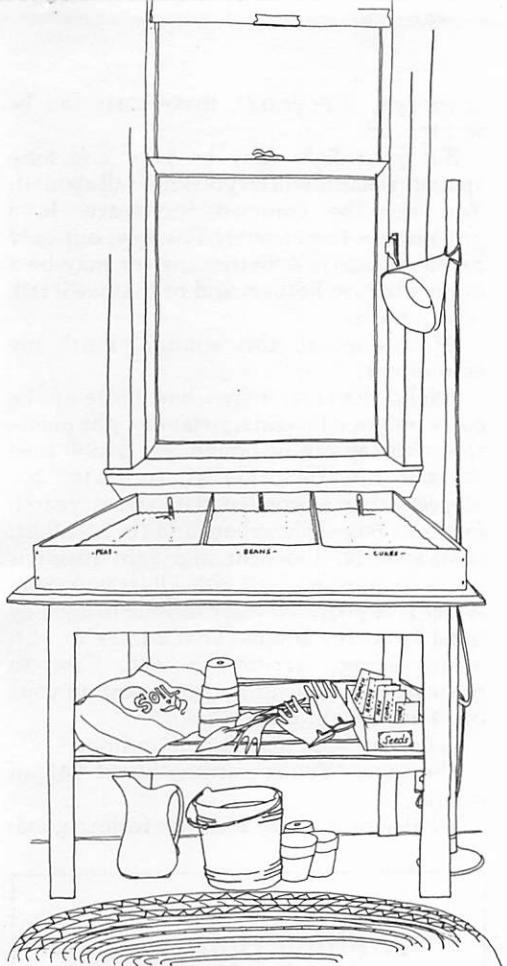


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crumbly. A substitute for either compost or peat is sphagnum moss which is common locally in low areas. It can be dried and put through a food-grinder (the wife permitting). Vermiculite can be bought cheaper when it's packaged as insulation (Zonolite is one trade name). Some of this runs a little coarse, but it can be crumbled smaller between the palms of the hands. Compost, sand, and vermiculite get combined in about equal amounts. To a bushel I also add a quart or so of wood ashes and a cup of super phosphate (0-20-0). Cost per bushel (exclusive of labor) around a dollar or a dollar-fifty, I'd estimate, if you purchase peat. That may be on the high side.

What about sterilizing the home-made soil mix? (Prepared mixes are pre-sterilized, or should be, anyway.) People use various methods involving heat. Bake the soil, steam it, or pour boiling water through it. All tend to be messy. Baking is smelly besides and may concentrate the salts in undesirable ways.



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I use a botanical fungicide, Arasan, which is applied directly to the seed. Small quantities are effective against decaying off, a major soil-borne problem, and the cost is negligible. Time-saving is considerable. There's no mess.

As for containers, peat-pots of varying kinds are very useful, but I balk at spending the money. (Even in quantity we're talking around a nickel a pot.) I use wooden flats and old quart berry-baskets. Another answer is to arrange with the nearest school to pick up all their milk cartons. Cut off the tops, wash out, punch holes in the bottom for drainage, and behold—free pots. Well, more or less.

The other cost factors are less calculable. Fertilizers? I occasionally add a tablespoon of 10-10-10 commercial to a gallon of water. An alternative is manure or barnyard tea (water in which manure has been steeped). But if you have to pay for the manure, or truck it any great distance, commercial mix may be cheaper.

Fungicides and pesticides? Arasan (as above). With luck, nothing else will be needed. Heat, light, and water? Assuming you have sunny space in a room you plan to heat anyway, and that your well is good (is

anybody's, this year?), these costs can be written off.

But your light may be poor and long spindling plants will let you know all about it. You may be cramped for space. Is a greenhouse the answer? Possibly, but only barely possibly. A better answer may be a horse manure hotbed, and of that we'll talk next month.

"How does all this sound?" I ask my accountant.

"Well," she says, "here's how I tote up the costs on your imaginary flat of eight plants that you say can be bought for \$1.29: seed 5¢, soil 15¢, fungicide 5¢, container 20¢ (depreciating a wooden flat over 4 years), fertilizer (superphosphate and 10-10-10) 5¢, pesticides 2¢, and heat and light (using a horse manure hotbed) 30¢. I'll let you claim water free provided you continue to lug it by hand from the brook. That comes to 82¢. Your savings, farmer, is 47¢. Care to estimate how much time you spent on your one flat of eight plants?"

I answer, "Oh, maybe half an hour."

She says, "You're earning about 94¢ an hour."

What else is new? But, for feeling good,



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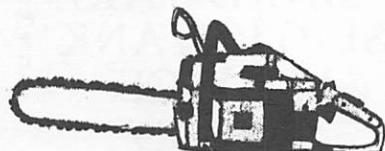
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A word about when to start tomatoes—starting times for vegetable seedlings for transplant are listed in gardening books and newspapers, and are generally reliable. In the case of tomatoes, I'm not so sure. I just read a piece which advises one to start tomatoes six to eight weeks before transplant date. Six may be all right, but I would not recommend any more than that, and this year I'm going to try five.

It used to be common practice to start tomatoes so early that they were in bloom or had even set fruit by transplant time. Controlled experiments, however, show that less-advanced plants do much better. Smaller plants adapt better to the out-door conditions because the smaller top (stem and leaves) is less liable to place excess demands on the roots.

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Broccoli: Spartan Early, DiCicco (early); Calabrese, Waltham 29 (summer & fall).

Brussel Sprouts: Jade Cross, Long Island Improved strains.

Cabbage: Sun-up, Stonehead, Golden Acre (early); Market Prize, Market Topper (mid); Danish Bullhead strains, Resistant Danish (later).

Cauliflower: Snowball strains.

Celery: Summer Pascal, Utah 52-70.

Dandelion: Arlington Thick Leaf, Improved Thick Leaf.

Eggplant: Superhybrid, Black Magic, Long Tom.

Parsnip: All-American (early); Model (late).

Pumpkin: Cinderella, Spookie.

Radish: Cherry Belle, Champion, Comet (red); Icicle (white).

Rhubarb: Valentine, Ruby.

Rutabaga: Laurentian, York.

Spinach: American, Bloomsdale Long Standing.

Turnip: Purple-top White Globe, Just Right (white); Yellow Globe (yellow).

Watermelon: N. H. Midget; Sugar Baby.

Courtesy of the University of Maine Co-operative Extension Office.

GERMINATION CHART

Type of seed	Germinating temp. in °F	Coolest growing temp.	No. weeks until planting
Broccoli	75	55	5-7
Brussels Spr.	75	55	6-8
Cabbage	75	55	5-7
Cauliflower	75	55	6-8
Celery	60	55	8-12
Cucumber	75	60	3-4
Eggplant	75	60	6-9
Lettuce	70	55	3-6
Onion	70	55	6-8
Parsley	75	55	6-10
Pepper	75	60	6-10
Squash	75	60	3-4
Tomato	75	60	6-10
Watermelon	75	60	3-4

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Littering fine	50.00
Tow charge from creek	50.00
Doctor's fee for removing splinter from eye	45.00
Safety glasses	29.00
Emergency room fee (broken toes from dropped log)	125.00
Safety shoes	49.50
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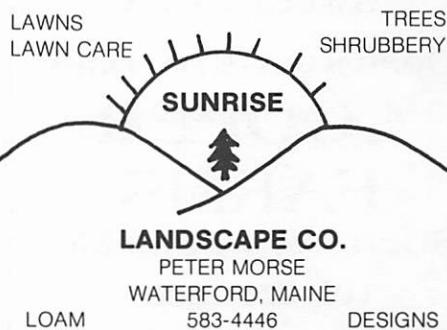
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Folk Tales

MY BROTHER, THE KING by Sandra Morgan

I was probably the skinniest kid ever to attend the three-room school in Locke Mills, Maine. My brother, Rex, said I looked like a bedraggled wren in the hideous brown stockings my mother demanded I wear every Maine winter. That was typical of Rex. He was two years older than I and was almost bearable, until he got his hands on a book that informed him Rex meant "King." He spent the next fifteen years trying to prove he was.

Being raised in the Maine backwoods had its advantages for a boy. Rex was really smart, but spent most of his time playing dumb so no one would suspect he had a brain, except when it came to such "manly" activities as trapping. It was the highlight of his day to find a muskrat in his trap.

Getting to my bed on one side of the attic involved a trip up a darkened stairway and a lot of groping just to find the bed. One night, I put out a hand to find a fistful of fur. Naturally, a scream followed. A voice floated through the darkness from the other side of the attic: "I see you've found my muskrats. For God's sake, don't knock them down. They're all lined up in a row."

To skin them, he would lay them neatly on papers, taking relish in a blow-by-blow account of each scrape of the knife, with an occasional glance my way to see if I'd turned green. I gritted my teeth and sunk my head deeper into the latest Nancy Drew mystery.

We fought incessantly. One day we stood in the yard and threw our shoes at each other until the supply was depleted. Mother chased us both to the main road.

Another time we were in the room off the kitchen—alone. It was called the "room off the kitchen" because it was used for whatever we needed it for at the moment. At this particular time it was serving as a bedroom. I remember because that is where we were fighting—on the bed.

He could hit hard, but I had sharp bones which could gouge out a scream. When I ran out of ammunition, I'd reach for the nearest lethal weapon. This time it was a broom. Rex

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(a great admirer of all Zane Grey characters) grabbed the broom in a true pioneer death grip. The broom swiped the chimney off the kerosene lamp with a shatter that stilled us both. To break a lamp chimney in the middle of a Maine winter when the dark set in so early was almost comparable to breaking the last saw blade when there was an empty woodbox. Mother whipped into the room, pointing an accusing finger in my direction, and the rest is but a blur. I distinctly remember being whacked with a piece of kindling wood and instructed to canvass the neighborhood until I found someone who had a chimney to fit the lamp, and I'd better be back before nightfall.

It was our job to get the house warm, the wood in, and supper on the wood stove before the parents came home from the mill. My oldest brother was too sophisticated to join in our battles, and my youngest brother didn't care what else went on as long as he was warm. Rex and I, without fail, would dump our lunch pails and head for the wood pile. We fought the same battle every winter afternoon for seven years. If he sawed the wood with the buck saw and I "hung on" (so the wood wouldn't jiggle and the saw blade break), he should be obliged to help me lug it in the house. He usually helped, but only in exchange for three hill runs on my Speedway sled.

Rex could be nice, but to my eleven-year-old way of thinking, it was a cagey kind of nice. I lay suffering with flu one winter, which extended, of all things, through my birthday. No one missed school on a birthday. I cajoled and pleaded. This birthday would be spent in bed, my mother decreed. Rex came home from school, looking particularly pleased with himself. He kept grinning and swinging a small brown paper sack around the bed.

"What you got there, Rex?"

"W-E-L-L (he had a maddening way of drawing out words when he knew I was waiting), I told a couple guys who like you that it was your birthday. They put their money together and, at recess, we went to the store."

Too weak to fight over any boys who might "like" me, I took the bag he dropped on the bed. Now if Mother had been home, the bag would have been confiscated immediately. But Mother was not home. Licorice, candy corn, and to help me get well sooner (so the enclosed note read) a box of

horehound cough drops. I hesitated at the licorice and candy corn, but surely Mother wouldn't mind the cough drops which were, in reality, a kind of medicine. I ate one and another until the empty box lay hidden under the mattress. It was another week before I returned to school, after an entire night of vomiting having weathered Mother's rage at finding the protruding box not that well hidden after all.

Although we fought constantly with each other, we banded together against our cousins next door. Rex, being the man of the wilds he was, caught frogs and sold them to bass fishermen for 3¢ each. In a rare burst of generosity, he once invited me to join the venture. Our cousins wanted into the business. Rex laid down the law that no one could catch frogs but us. We had already marked certain bogs and brooks as our frog territory. We stalked these areas and slipped the frogs into our screened containers. Our cousins persisted. Unfortunately, they did not know the Rex that I knew.

The oldest cousin met Rex in the road—unplanned, they both said later—right in front of a choice frog bog. One word led to another between the two businessmen. Rex soon tired of talking and threw his adversary into the bog. He was well-scolded when Mother learned of the incident. All I could hear as I listened by the keyhole was shreds of conversation like, "How could you? He had his new clothes on from Sears Roebuck." Rex emerged from the room with a grim face, which turned to glee as soon as he got out of Mother's sight. We sat together on the ground plotting the next war maneuver should the cousins ever invade our frog rights again—one of the few times we were allies rather than adversaries.

When, in my thirteenth year, I won a shiny bicycle in a local contest, my brother, the King, rode it into Twitchell Pond to see if it would float. I retaliated by sawing his best baseball bat into two pieces.

By the mid-fifties I was married and King was in Korea. I had to hit myself to admit there was a void in my life. The challenge was gone. Life was as dull as December's trees. Who could I count on to say it was raining when I said the sun was shining? But, inevitably, the King would come home. ■

Morgan now lives in South Glen's Falls, N.Y.



Photo by Bill Haynes

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Ayah

We consider your comments and suggestions an important means of discovering our readers' interests. Representative and appropriate letters will be published as space allows. Most likely answers won't be necessary, and probably the only response you'll receive will be a most appropriate "Ayah!"

CHILDHOOD MEMORY

The letter by Hollis Dunn and *The Coon Skin Cap* by Ben Tucker III brought back many memories of my life as a child nearly sixty years ago on a farm on the Sodom Road between Buckfield and Hebron.

My father, Claude Whitman, and my uncle, Ernest Turner, used to do a lot of fox hunting each fall and winter around Owl's Head and Streaked Mountain. My father's fox hound, Bill, was like those hounds mentioned by Mr. Dunn—nothing else mattered to him when he was on a fox trail. Rabbits, deer, or any other animal, he ignored them all.

Days that the men went hunting my mother and I would go outside to listen for the quickened bark of the dog when the fox was "started." Then if we heard the shot from a gun, we waited anxiously for the sight of Father coming up the road with a fox over his shoulder. Fox skins were worth a good price on the market then.

Father made a wooden gun for me to play hunt as there were no children my age to play with near by, so I had to make do with what toys I had, plus a vivid imagination.

One winter the mice kept getting into the pantry. Of course, the cats were not allowed in there, so I had the bright idea that those

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mice could be my game to set traps for and sell their skins as Father and Uncle Ernest sold their furs. I teased so much that my father made a small board for stretching the mouse skins, and he and mother helped me skin the mice (no small task) and stretch them. When the skins were dry, I would slip them off the board and tie them together, after turning the skins right-side-out, to send them by my father when he took his fur to Uncle Henry Record of South Paris, who was a fur buyer. I remember one of the mice was an albino.

What a surprise when Uncle Henry sent me a new quarter for my furs! One winter of mouse hunting was all I ever did.

I hope this will amuse some of your readers as much as it does me when I remember it.

Your January issue of **BitterSweet** was the best yet. Keep up the good work.

Mildred I. Whitman
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Can You Place It?



Harry Eastman of Fryeburg has identified February's **Can You Place It?** as the Hemlock Bridge "located on the so-called Frog Alley Road" between Routes 5 & 302 in Fryeburg. The picture was taken by Chris Kiger of Bridgton.

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Jay's Journal by Jay Burns



A WINTER'S TALE

Weather. On a day-to-day basis it is so unpredictable. Yet looked at long term it can be very predictable. Take the first two months of this winter. As early as Thanksgiving, we had a potential major winter storm on our hands. It went west of us, Chicago got blasted, and we got mixed precipitation.

That storm set the tone for the next nine weeks. The jet stream which controls the track of storms had developed a peculiar pattern. Instead of sending storms up the coast (to develop into nor'easters) or along the northern tier of states, it latched onto storms in the Rockies, swung them into Texas to pick up large amounts of moisture, and then routed them up through the Ohio Valley. This pattern gave the Chicago area its worst blizzard in history and gave us a storm-after-storm of snow changing to rain.

The new year entered on a sour note, with an intense storm plodding along west of us. This moisture-laden storm dropped one inch of straight rain on the Hills and Lakes region. The mercury soared to the 52° mark on the second day of January. Ten inches of snow was lost and all wood fires in our house went out during this period. Then temperatures dropped almost 30° in the next twelve hours, hitting 23° by the following morning.

It was the first of seven major winter storms that whalloped the region during January. The most memorable one was the historic 26" snowstorm in Portland. As the storm headed off the New England coast, light-to-moderate winds scraped moisture from the ocean and dumped it on Portland. Additional moisture was circled around the storm and dumped on our foothills, resulting in a foot of snow.

There was some disagreement concerning

the exact depth of the very light, fluffy snow that fell in Portland. WCSH meteorologist Paul Cousins' measurement fell about a half-foot short of the measurement taken at the jetport. Cousins explained the discrepancy by suggesting that the snow hadn't settled properly where the National Weather Service measured it.

Snow measuring, in general, is a far-from-precise science which often results in a situation where everybody is trying to jump on the bandwagon. After the Portland measurement, for instance, people making local measurements were out looking for the 26" accumulation. As a result, estimates ranged up to 20" for the region because most people were taking the Portland measurement as a guideline, instead of being objective. A classic example comes to mind. When I asked the man who plows the area roads how much snow we had gotten, his reply was, "Well, don't you measure it for the guy on TV? You said a foot, and that's what I suppose it is—a foot."

The month's final storm had a slow beginning. January 24th dawned clear and cool. A storm was located over the Ohio Valley, described as a "hurricane type" by Boston meteorologist Don Kent. The National Weather Service forecasted it would pass just south of Maine and that we would escape its brunt. By the next morning there still wasn't any sign of a storm—just a little light snow. The wind was blowing strongly from the northeast but this was an expected result of having an intense storm in the vicinity.

I cursed as I jumped out of bed after listening in vain for the no-school announcements. As the day progressed, the

snow tempo increased, as did the high school students' razzing of the superintendent's son. Too late, the NWS issued a heavy snow warning. The light, powdery snow was whipped up by northeast winds gusting up to 40 miles per hour.

Moderate to heavy snow continued throughout the day. At six o'clock, we reported a 12" accumulation to Paul Cousins. At nine o'clock the snow temp had diminished to very light. The recording in our weather book read, "Storm basically over, rising barometer." But, the next morning the area had gotten an additional 3". The storm had stalled near Nova Scotia. In the next three days, a steady influx of moisture-laden air without any accompanying influx of cold air resulted in an old-fashioned January thaw. Over the weekend the temperatures rose into the 40's and there were periods of drizzle.

On the 30th, the storm was still over Nova Scotia, but it had reintensified. Late in the day sleet and light snow was falling, with around 7" already on the ground. Many people were confused over the cause of the storm. They were startled to find it to be the same storm that had dumped 14" of snow on them five days before! Such was the wacky weather of January.

Now February is upon us, with uncharacteristically cold temperatures. At our house, located on a mountain typical of most in the Hills and Lakes region, we recorded a record low of -14° below zero on February 15 and a daytime high of 10° during the cold spell. People always expect our temperatures to be colder than anywhere else because we live so high up. Actually, the opposite is true. As the air becomes cooled, it becomes less dense, and flows into the valleys. The coldness in

the valleys could be called a "fake cold," since lowlands do not remain colder than the surrounding area during the day. The champion of this "fake cold" phenomenon is Bolster's Mills. The town is surrounded by hills and cold air sinks into the valley, sometimes making temperatures 20-25 degrees lower than here on the mountain. The poor Bolster's Mills people are ridiculed when they present their temperature information. But we must believe them, no matter how outrageous their claims seem to be.

As we go to press, thoughts turn to March, the transition month. The sun arches higher in the sky and the days grow longer. Some of the fiercest storms occur in March because cold air still pushes its way into the area, but warm air makes its advance farther and farther north. There are many memorable March storms. The final snowstorm in Maine is often called a "crown storm" because it serves to round out the winter. This crown storm is often very upsetting to the people it affects.

Sap is being collected and seed catalogs are arriving. Temperatures rise into the thirties regularly and the snow pack recedes. Then the storm comes and all is thrown into winter once again.

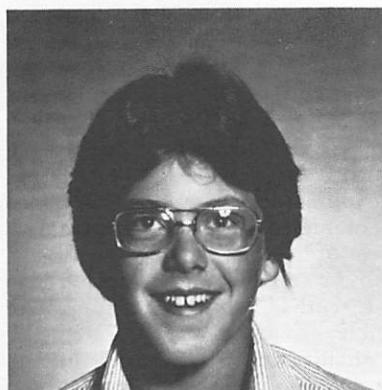
The blizzard of 1888 was a storm of that type. On March 11th, according to David Ludlum in his book *Early American Winters*, tulips were coming up in most parts of New England. Many were looking forward to an early spring. Then, a crowning storm arrived, killing many and causing much damage.

March is also the month of maple-syruping. Taps are set as the days become warmer. The ideal situation for syruping is warm days and cold, below-freezing nights.

March of 1978 was a good month for syruping. After the storm in February, no major storms affected the area. March temperatures were uniformly in the 20's-to-mid-40's. That was ideal sapping weather. Sapping ends at the end of March as warmer temperatures arrive.

So, as you sit in your home huddling by an antique wood stove with the crown storm howling outside, just remember that by April—no, May—no, June—one can finally stop worrying about winter. ■

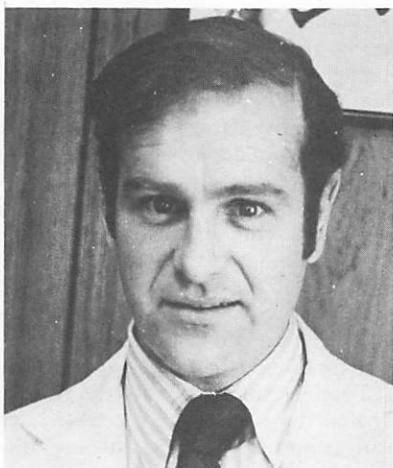
Burns, a sophomore at Oxford Hills High School, is a resident of Waterford, where he serves as a weather observer for WCSH-TV.



Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.



The following article was written for physicians, by a physician. I reprint it here in hopes of promoting better understanding between patient and physician.

Recapturing the Spirit In Medicine

by Michael Radetsky, M.D.

A life in medicine seems a mixed blessing. We are filled with satisfaction if our work is well done but with chagrin if we fall short. We are flattered by appreciative parents but harangued by abusive ones. We are proud of our position but constantly struggle to maintain it. We consider ourselves scientists and counselors but are forever confronted by situations for which neither mind nor reason is a cure. We enjoy comfort but are at risk for early death, addiction, divorce, and suicide. We stand at the focus of envy, praise and controversy. We frequently lack time to do what we must do, much less do what we would like.

All this may be bearable, but it takes its toll. The stresses due to extravagant expectations and unremitting work are themselves a hazard. However, there is a more insidious process and one more

worrisome than mere stress: the erosion of our capacity for wonder, human sharing and growth of the spirit.

The setup is perfect: daily exposure to intense human emotions, a necessity to act effectively, A feeling of ultimate responsibility for events and a recognition of the consequences of failure. We frequently skirt the edge of emotional exhaustion. Not surprisingly then, we tend to protect ourselves in the drive to make our lives more normal.

However, we can go too far. Tragedy dealt with daily can become commonplace; the wonder of life can become routine, and it becomes easy to miss the human component of repetitive events. Even worse is the impoverishment of our own capacities for responsiveness and growth. I have seen this process in myself and others: we begin to withdraw and nurse frustrations and fears in private places; we split ourselves off from worlds of feeling; we prefer to remain detached rather than betray either pressure or perplexity; we reduce professional friendships to categorical remarks, irreverence, or black humor. In short, we lose touch and merely exist side by side, unable to know one another.

This trend can be avoided if it is resisted; after all, the wonders are there for eyes that will see. Yet there is more. I suggest that the key to a wholeness of life in medicine is the intensity of the experience itself; and that our greatest gift is to be able to live at the point of intensity, where our spirits might grow.

That we live at the point of intensity springs from the nature of our profession: we are sought out by individuals whose lives are changed once the fact of mortality is suddenly revealed. Pain or malfunction makes it all too apparent that life is not inevitable. It is a shock of recognition for which few are prepared. Nevertheless, these are the basic truths: we are alive, we are dying, we are alone. We are alive, an immeasurable gift and marvel; but we are dying, which is unbelievable and terrifying; and we are ultimately alone as we experience the reality of immediate life and contemplate the prospect of inevitable death.

It is a physician's lifelong task to wrestle with these truths. Our own lives change imperceptibly, so that we perceive the contrast of life and death only in the overlapping of the generations around us.

For the average person, the scope of this experience is small and is usually confined to family and a few friends. Physicians, on the other hand, deal precisely with the reality that other people are denied, and see death and disease in many forms and in many circumstances every day. That life is tenuous us constantly apparent; that life is strangely resilient is constantly a surprise; that death is certain is constantly inferred. We cannot fool ourselves, for the evidence is always there that our personal evasion of the sickbed is only temporary and that only a thin film of fate separates us from our patients. Every day, we see people seized by fear. We know how very alone is the person who faces death, for we have tried to reach him without success. We look for the source of personality among tissues and organs, but we have not found the human being who has vanished before our eyes. We are questioned about causes and meanings of events, but we have provided no lasting answers.

Every day stark and simple reality demands our attention, and into our lifetimes are compressed the experiences of hundreds of others who must squarely face life, death, and aloneness. How fortunate we are! We deal each day with elemental issues. How much more should our growth and understanding be! Above all, how we should prize the chance given us to confront those issues ourselves and to realize with gratitude that it is enough merely to live.

I submit that we too often neglect what are surely the most important issues for ourselves as professionals: being human and humane. Given the sanction to be present at the most intense of times, we must learn to open our eyes and respond to what we are witnessing. Given the fact of our shared humanity, we must learn to share ourselves. In this evolution we cannot proceed alone, for the profession that so well displays the essential truths induces resistance to their realization. Consequently, we need each other's help, sympathy and constant encouragement.

It is our fate to deal with life at the crossroads. Mine is a plea to recognize our own great fortune, to yield to the truth of what we constantly see, and to break through the walls of our isolation. ■

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Uncle Leander worked for A. & P.B. Young in their saw mill which was presided over by brother Almon Young. Almon was a drill sergeant type and his shouts could be heard above the screaming of the saws as he urged his employees on to greater effort.

Brother Peter Young ran the general store. He was the quiet type who said very little but did a lot of thinking. One employee at the mill was heard to say, "I don't fear Almon's hollering, but I sure to fear Peter's pencil."

One day one of the span of horses used in Young's mill yard took sick and died and Almon had to seek a replacement. Whereupon Leander said, "I've got just the hoss you want and I'll sell him right."

The figure quoted sounded attractive to Almon, who replied, "Go over to the store and get the critter weighed and if he weighs up to the other horse, it's a deal."

Now, the platform of the hay scale at Young's store was outside the building as it should be, and the beam which read the weight was inside. When Uncle Leander put the horse on the platform, the beam showed nearly identically the weight of the surviving horse, so Peter paid Leander his asking price and the deal was closed.

Next day, Almon came into the store roaring mad, "Peter, what is the matter with your head when you bought that damned Leander horse? He don't match up to our other horse by two hundred pounds."

Peter raised his quiet voice only a little bit; "Al, he weighed up all right on our scale."

Al left muttering and shaking his head. Peter sat quietly using his head.

The next time Uncle Leander came into the store, Peter asked him, "Leander, how much do you weigh?"

Leander replied, "Oh, about two hundred pounds, I guess."

So Peter's suspicions were confirmed. Leander had stood on the platform along with the horse. When he spoke, his voice had lost its quietness, "Gol' darn you Leander, you are mine! I've bought you body and soul!"

"Good," said Leander, "now I am a part of the family instead of Brother Al's slave like I've been for nigh onto ten years!" ■

Raymond Cotton
Hiram

...Page 18

THE MINSTREL FOLLIES: presented by the Forward Fellowship of the Universalist Church of West Paris, Apr. 20 & 21, 7:30 p.m., West Paris Gymnasium.

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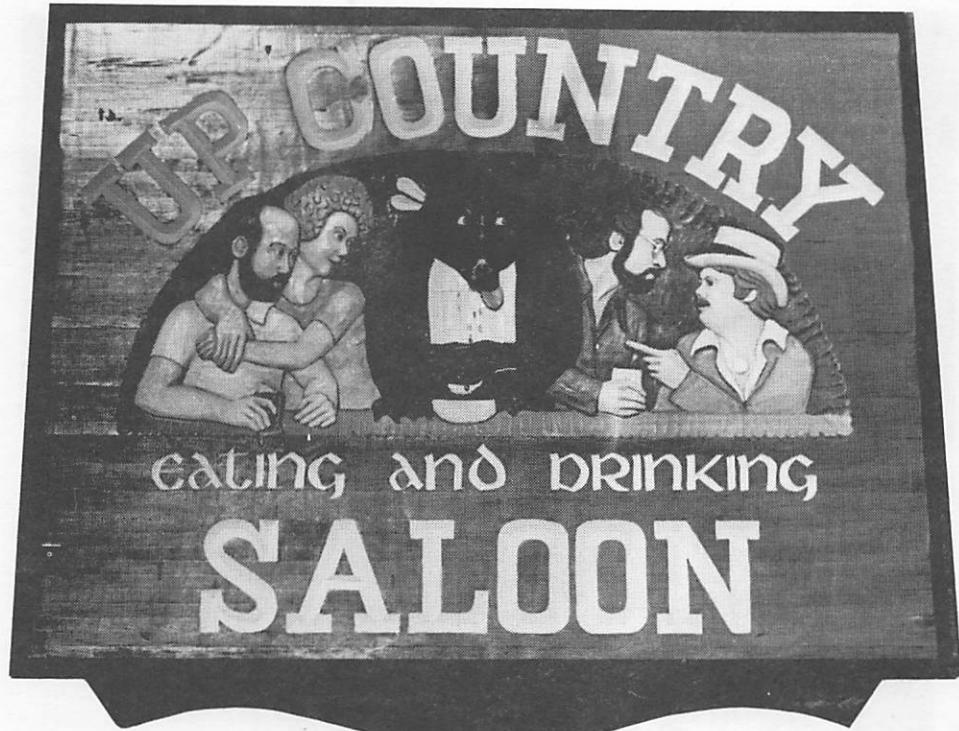
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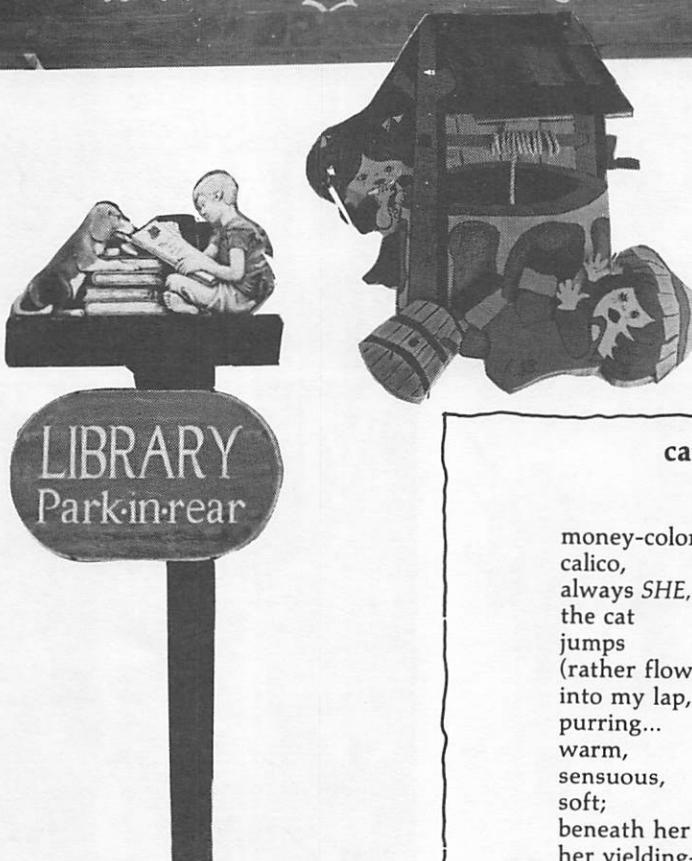
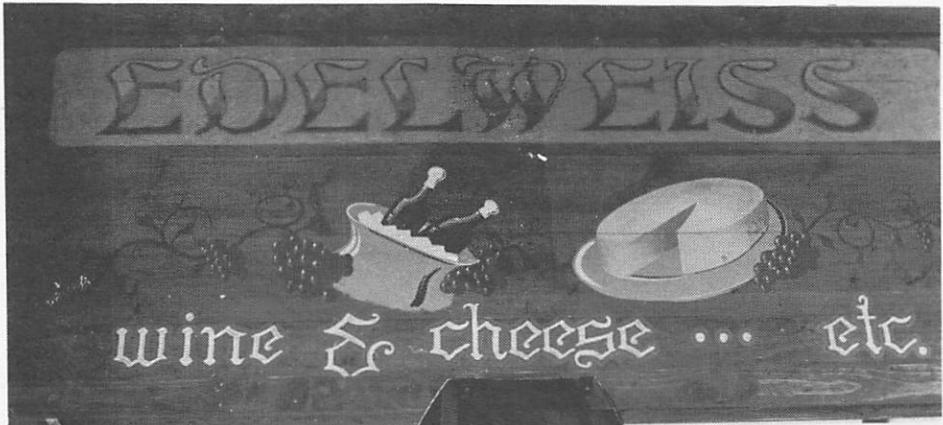


Woodworking was the first American craft, an art which emerged naturally as the country's vast timberlands began to be tamed by settlers centuries ago.

The hand-carved wooden tavern and trade signs which marked segments of each new settlement were every bit as elegant as the furniture, plaques and figurines that typified the country's colonial age of wood. Sometimes satirical, sometimes showy, the colorful signs were both a symbol of hospitality and an indication of status.

Rugged, careful construction and elaborate, imaginative design have insured old-style signs a continuing place in the





...Page 43

nation's folk art, making sign crafting one of the few areas where hand skill has not yet given way to machinery.

Handsome, handcrafted replicas of the original colonial carvings—along with updated variations—flourish in our region, as is evidenced by the photographs above and on the previous pages.

cat

money-colored
calico,
always *SHE*,
the cat
jumps
(rather flows)
into my lap,
purring...
warm,
sensuous,
soft;
beneath her softness,
her yielding-ness,
is steel...
she blends,
she accepts...
until
she decides
to leave.

Janice Bigelow
West Minot

Recollections

FEELIN' GREEN

by T. Jewell Collins

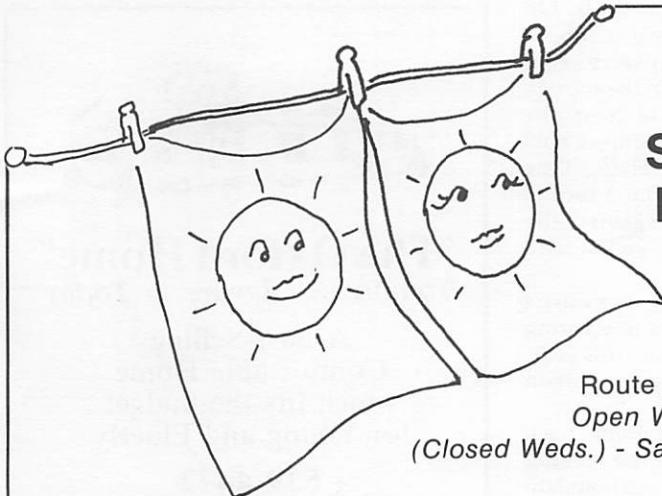
Nature's miracle this morning I called "feeling green." Feeling green in March is feeling hope, and the two windows on my Maine world certainly gave me hope. I threw off the comforter and leapt from my iron bed, inspired to dress for a walk, resisting the temptation to peer at the landscape from one of the second-story windows of the old farmhouse.

I seated myself in the rocking chair in the kitchen by the warm oil stove and pulled on my boots. "Just in case," I said to myself, and stepped out the back door. The miracle had not been wrought, but it was certainly in the making. I could tell. I heard the swish, swish of the ell tenant's rake testifying that the ground was in fact bare close to the house on

the south side. Banks of snow still bordered the path to the driveway. As I started down the hill from Crockett Ridge, I noted how the tall pines, the spruces, and the other evergreens serve to link the seasons, giving promise all winter long of hillsides of green to come.

The sugar maples sported shiny covered tin pails. The warm days and cold nights of late March and early April are conducive to a good sap flow. I could hear miniature landslides of dirt trickle down the bankings of snow tossed up by the snowplow along the roadside. It seemed almost as if the movement of the dirt were the last in a chain of impulses sent up from the depths of the earth, heralding the irresistible coming of spring.

In the gutter I found a marble, then another, and another, true harbingers of spring. Were they thrown from the passing



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school bus, or had they lain there all winter, a child's treasure now waiting to be discovered?

Down on the causeway separating Big Penn from the Bog, a fisherman stood, pole in hand. We exchanged a cheery greeting. Big Penn was still covered with ice, and a lone ice fisherman's hut stood far out on the lake's deceptively white surface. Would its owner dare venture out to pull it to safety now? Or would it sink slowly to the bottom as the ice cracked and broke into chunks. I wondered how many huts lay at the bottom of the lake and others like it.

A wide finger of water reached from the bridge toward the center of the Bog. It had the ice on the run even now. Two ducks paddled along near shore, apparently completely confident that the miracle was about to come. The dark water looked inviting, but it would be many days before I would be ready to don bathing suit and plunge into its murky depths.

I turned onto Main Street where the cars whizzed by, their drivers all unaware of my little collection of private observations. Mountains of snow bordered parking lots, but many dooryards near town were bare. One gentleman was scraping the winter's accumulation of dirt from his sidewalk. On the side street by the Weary Club, a youngster and the Sunday paper were being pulled home in a wagon by dad. In the top of a nearby Norway spruce I could hear the evening grosbeaks; then I saw them—a bold flock of yellow, white, and black. One dropped down into a feeder outside a second floor window. Below him, against the foundation of the house, purple, yellow, and white crocuses were in bloom.

I had walked two miles already, but wasn't tired. I was "feeling green," positive spring was going to reach the northlands this year. And, after a long Maine winter, a person needs this assurance.

I circled the block and started home. Back inside, I sat down once more in the rocking chair to remove my boots and contemplate my morning's discoveries. All that day and in the days to come, I would cherish the promise made to me that early March morning. For I knew nothing could reverse it or thwart its fulfillment.

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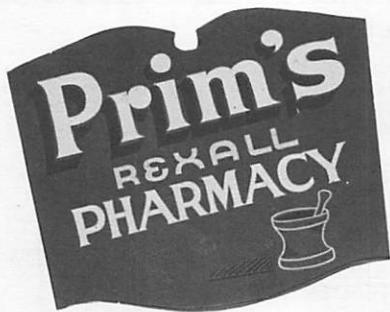
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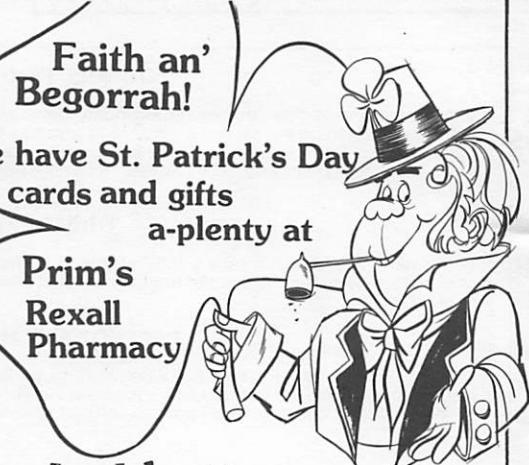
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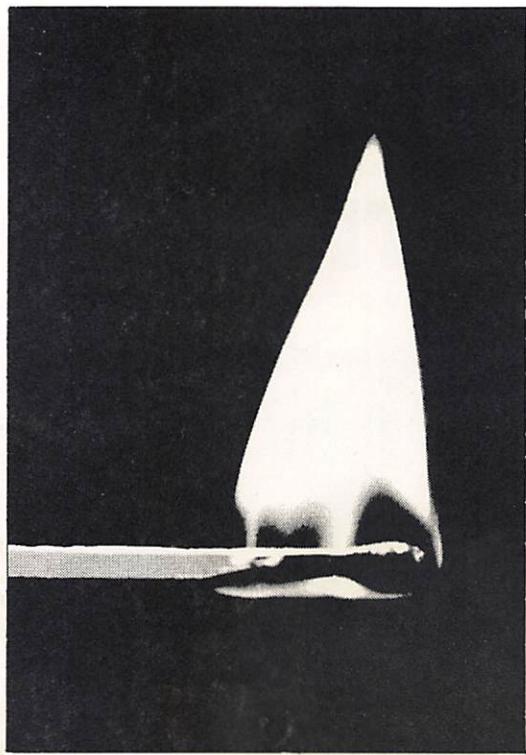
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Sunday river

A KILLINGTON-MANAGED RESORT

WHERE ELSE
CAN YOU GET
A VACATION
LIKE THIS
AT PRICES
LIKE THESE...



*WEEKEND	lifts & lodging	\$18.50 ep per day
*MIDWEEK	lifts & lodging	\$14.10 ep per day

Welcome to Sunday River

Whether you are cruising down Ecstasy-Cascades, skiing the bumps on Agony lift line, or accepting the gentle challenge of the Mixing Bowl, SUNDAY RIVER is one of the best terrain havens in the East.

Snowfall is bountiful yet continually supplemented by snowmaking from the mountain top to the mountain bottom.

And just 200' from the South Ridge Base Lodge are the new South Ridge Condominiums. These 1, 2, and 3 bedroom townhouses are attractively furnished and include a fireplace, completely equipped kitchen and linen service. All you need to bring are your groceries and ski gear for a complete skiing adventure.

For lodging and reservation information and our free color brochure, call (207) 824-2187, or write 165 Sunday River Rd., Bethel, Maine 04217.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

ZIP _____

*Prices include lodging at South Ridge Condominiums and lift tickets. Rates are based on maximum occupancy of the unit. Day tickets: \$9.75, \$5.25 (midweek), 2-day weekend lift ticket \$17.00. Holiday rates in effect Dec. 25-Jan. 1, and Feb. 19-23.

